



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Heavy curtains of pale blue gray hang just behind the young lady, who is inhaling the scent of a branch of white lilac. More lilacs, a basin full of water, an open paint-box, a sketch block and other things litter the sofa. It is a scene of the most interesting artistic confusion, and is capitally done.

Our resident New York artists do not make much of a show, and one begins to wonder what they can have been doing of late. Possibly the coming exhibition of the Society of American Artists and the Spring Exhibition of the Academy will show. William M. Chase is represented by his river scene, well known in New York; Mr. Shirlaw by a sketch several years old of some apple trees and a reedy stream; Mr. Quartley by "A Long Island Shipyard," with rather fussy foreground, an unsubstantial-looking hull upon the stays, and a tormented sky. His friends and acquaintances will be glad to know that Edward Dowdall comes out almost as strong as any of the Parisians with a handsome, laughing girl in white, posed against a pale blue curtain. The face and arms and hands are beautifully painted; the coloring is agreeable and truthful; the pose unaffected. Robert Vonnoh is the only one of the Munich men who, while keeping strictly to the teachings of his school, has made a hit. His portrait of a young man with a blonde mustache is a fine piece of work.

This is the first year in which the Temple endowment for the purchase of works of art becomes available. It produces now \$1800 per year. This Mr. Temple has increased to \$3000 to provide for a competition in historical painting. The competition has brought out two clever and important pictures, either of which might fairly be adjudged the prize. The best, in our opinion, is Sarah P. Dodson's "Signing the Declaration." This is, we believe, the largest picture in the exhibition. It is full of figures, arranged in animated groups and very well painted. The faces, costumes and accessories seem to have been carefully studied from authentic relics and documents of the Revolutionary time. Some of the distant figures appear to be little more than blocked in as if there was not time to finish them. They hold their places well, however, and do not interfere with the general effect of the picture. The other composition represents the taking of the oath of allegiance at Valley Forge. Washington stands in the foreground to the right and Aide-de-camp John Laurens behind him. Lord Stirling, Baron Steuben, De Kalb and General Wayne are grouped about a round table on which rests the Bible in the centre. St. Clair, Hamilton and Tilghman are near a desk in the corner. The faces of all except Washington have been left in an unsatisfactory condition, otherwise the painting is complete. The grouping is very spirited, and what with the uniforms of the officers and the background of white panelled wall the color effect is quite agreeable. These two pictures should serve to turn the ambitions of more of our young painters into this channel. "The March to Valley Forge," by W. T. Trego, was perhaps intended at first for this competition, but though the artist has made it evident that he possesses talent, his utter lack of skill is too apparent to give him the ghost of a chance.

Of the less important paintings many are nevertheless remarkably good or very promising. E. L. Weeks has several East Indian subjects glowing with color, full of life and strange incident and scenery. "The Maharajah's Boat on the Ganges" shows the water front of a ghaut at Benares, the steps thronged with people, who are watching the great barge with a wooden peacock at its prow being propelled into the stream by a score of rowers in crimson tunics. S. Van Schaik has another Eastern subject—two old Moors, one of them testing the elasticity of a sword-blade—which is quite as good. F. Brownell has some women spinning; S. T. Darra's an evening landscape without form but good in tone; C. Coleman some things and a flower branch arranged, not badly, against a wall; F. S. Church one of his pink-and-white designs suitable for the cover of a bon-bon box. More hopeful are "Pater Noster," by Carl J. Melchers; "The Young Boat-Builders," by M. W. Lesley; "By the Sea," B. F. Gilman; "Idyl," F. E. Kirkpatrick; and "Rainy Day at Pont Aven," Clifford P. Grayson. "Old Age," by F. S. Dellenbaugh, should have been mentioned among the unquestioned successes of the exhibition, and so also should have been a landscape with sand dunes and

rocks, by H. Bolton Jones. Even now, we are in all probability passing over several excellent works, as many were yet unhung at the time of our visit. The exhibition, as a whole, gives more hope for the future of American art than any that has taken place in a long time.

ROGER RIORDAN.

AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

THE National Academy of Design appears to be in the last throes. We shall never again know it as we knew it of yore, confident in its full possession of the field, loading the walls of its exhibition rooms with scores of wretched and silly daubs, denying in the press the first principles of painting, sneering at Corot and Millet and Rousseau, and snubbing the unfortunate young men who had had the conscience to get themselves taught something of art before setting up as artists. One or two more feeble efforts it may make, but the end is evidently not very far off.

The nature of the present display would seem to indicate that it has at last—too late—begun to dawn upon the managers that younger men must in future produce the work that shall be known, whether at home or abroad, as American. The Hudson River School has almost died out; the Coast of Maine School is dying, and the painters of barefooted boys, of "slicked-up" shoeblacks, of Seville orange-women and ideal heads, are becoming fewer, and some of them appear to be growing ashamed of their wretched performances. At any rate there is a smaller percentage of such work in this exhibition than in any that has been held for years in the Academy building. But it is noteworthy that there is also less good work by the younger artists. These, with few exceptions, seem to have turned their backs on the Academy in disdain; so that although the total number of works exhibited is but three hundred and fifty-seven, the standard of the exhibition is not raised, but is rather lower than even that of last year. The show looks better, to be sure, at the first glance; but that is only because there is less of it.

Occupying what has come to be a position of honor in the corridor at the head of the stairs is Rosina Emmet's "Autumn," a life-size figure of a girl in a greenish gown arranging some autumn foliage and flowers about what appears to be a painted leather screen. The figure, though not very well done, is the only part of the picture that is at all satisfactory. The accessories are poorly painted, and the composition is awkward and confused. It is a distinct falling off from her former work. Immediately over it is one of the best bits of painting in the exhibition, a still-life study of "Hydrangeas," showing a just appreciation of tones of color. This is by Ward W. Wright. "Peonies," by Elizabeth Boott, "Still Life," by J. Louis Webb, and "Rhododendrons," by Kate H. Greatorex, are fairly successful. The flower painters are but poorly represented. The "Marigolds" of Julia Dillon are not quite up to what we have a right to expect of her. Julie H. Beers is going backward, and Effie B. Wilmarth is not up to her usual standard. It is always a puzzle to account for the tendency of painters of flowers and still-life to choose for their exhibition pictures such difficult and thankless subjects as haphazard collections of milk-weed pods, shreds of birch-bark and bunches of asters and golden-rods. M. J. Seabury might certainly have spent her time to better purpose than in painting her "November Study," which is composed of matters of this sort.

In the East Gallery we come across some works of the old, old type, soon, let us hope, to be banished forever from our exhibitions. Others are not so bad. Otto Stark shows, at least, good intentions in his figure of an old shoemaker, mostly in shade, examining the sole of a badly-worn brogan. Fred J. Waugh's "Midsummer Day" is a pleasant little landscape with apple trees, cabbages, white hens and gray grass. Charles F. Ulrich's "Engraver on Glass" is another of his rather photographic studies, excellent in its way, though not in the least a picture. Let us be thankful, though, for excellence of any kind. "A Broken Necklace," by J. T. Beele, "Preparing for the Masked Ball," by Edward Grenet, and "Dog Talk," by John M. Tracy, are much above the average of the exhibition. "Lucy and her Pet," by Helen C. Hovenden, is very promising.

J. W. Alexander's life-size, full-length portrait of a little girl in the South Gallery is cruder but also broader and more artist-like work than what we have been used to see by him. "A Garden Nook, Nantucket," is one of Mr. Dielman's quaint and pleasing little canvases. There is a curious declaration of love à la Breton in "An Inn," by Charles X. Harris. "Cloud and Sunset, Long Island," is a theatrical landscape with crude greens and hard foliage and sky. It is by Thomas Moran. The younger Morans, Percy and Leon, have, as usual, a large number of cleverly painted out-of-door subjects in which progress is not very perceptible. "An Idyl," by Fred J. Waugh, is a picture of a nude creature of the female sex sitting in a painful and precarious position on a narrow horizontal limb of a tree above a garden full of flowers. "Light and Shade," by Frederick W. Freer, is a study of a pretty young lady who appears to have made a very liberal use of pearl powder on her arms and neck. "Where Noonday is as Twilight" is a strong wood interior with a seated female figure, by Dielman. Hamilton Hamilton has a picture of two girls "Caught in a Shower" of paint. "A Spare Minute," by S. J. Guy, is composed, as Thoreau said Boston was, mainly of barrels.

The West Gallery is illuminated by one of J. H. Beard's jokes about animals. How many generations of wicked little boys and girls have laughed at those atrocious jokes of Mr. Beard's just as they would have enjoyed plunging pussy in the washtub, or attaching an old kettle to Rover's tail? But already these curious paintings begin to look out of place at the Academy. There are dealers in colored lithographs in William Street who would doubtless exhibit Mr. Beard's comic creations in their show-windows along with caricatures of boxing-matches and portraits of celebrated editors. Another lugubrious joke is "Birds of a Feather," by W. A. Coffin. It would be more correct to term them birds without a feather, for one is a paper duck and the other is a skeleton. They are much better painted, however, than Mr. Beard's terrier and spider, and on that score, at least, have a perfect right to their place. The ghosts of two boys who were drowned while fishing on Sunday form the subject of "The Patient Fisherman," by M. S. Waterhouse. There is a fair landscape, "Pasture and Meadow," by Charles Melville Dewey, and a cleverer one, but not so good, after all, by C. Morgan McIlhenny, "In the Shadow of the Maples." "Reflection," by Douglas Volk, will make those reflect who thought they saw in the three or four tours de force which this young painter has produced evidence of real talent. It is refreshing to come upon one such work in this exhibition as William P. W. Dana's "Foggy Day." Mr. Dana's larger landscape in the South Gallery is not nearly so good, and the contrast between the two brings up once more the principle which many of our younger and cleverer artists have tried to impress upon the public, that a man's best work is not usually his most ambitious or most labored.

ROBERT JARVIS.

THE SKETCH EXHIBITION.

THE second annual exhibition of sketches and studies at the American Art Gallery is an improvement upon the similar exhibition of last year. Still it contains a large number of works which ought not to have been accepted. Coming into the rooms, however, from the Academy show, one is agreeably impressed at the outset by the earnest, spontaneous and hopeful character of much of the work here shown. There are works of the same kind at the Academy, but there they are a small minority; here fully one half the exhibits excite respect and attract attention, if but for a moment. The very first number is a very respectable little study of rocks and sky over an "Unused Road," by H. L. Hillyer. Near it is a good sketch of a head by C. N. Flagg. Maitland Armstrong has a study of "Autumn Fields" and an excellent picture of the "Water Gate" of a Breton farm. The latter has been seen before, but will well repay looking at a second and a third time. "Brace's Cove, Cape Ann," by F. K. M. Rehn, is far better than anything of like subject in the Academy. "My Country Cousin," by J. Carroll Beckwith, is interesting from its naivetés. "A Hillside."

by Rudolph F. Bunner, is very satisfactory. William Sartain, we are sorry to see, is here, as in the Academy, going wild after tone and texture. "Still Life," by Charles S. Moss, is commendable. Elizabeth Boott has a "Study of a Pig," not for sale, which if the artist were not a lady we should say was pure selfishness. There is a quiet bit of greenery, with blue gray water and sky, by R. L. Pyne; a "Study of a Woman Spinning," by Thomas Eakins, characterized by his usual vigorous and correct handling, and a study of a rower in his boat, also by Mr. Eakins, more complete and marked by the same attributes. "Chioggia," by Otto Bacher, "A Nantucket Pump," by Theo. Robinson, and "The Old Mill Road," by Edgar J. Taylor, are worthy of mention. Hamilton Hamilton has a "Sketch" of a girl in blue and white leaning against the blossoming branch of an apple tree, which is very pretty. "Psyche," by Walter Satterlee, is very poor, poorer than even the same "Psyche" in the Academy. "Fishing under Difficulties," by G. Stothert Snell, is a very good sketch, and so is, in certain respects, John M. Tracy's "Study of a Pointer." The latter is so good it seems a pity that Mr. Tracy cannot put a little life and intelligence into his well-drawn animals. "Art Students at Work," by Joseph Lauber, shows remarkable progress. The young men standing before their easels are very well given as to light and shade and drawing, and the rendering of tones is very good. "Afternoon in the Catskills," by Henry P. Smith, has a good effect of light over a hilly and wooded country. "A Paris Friend," by William H. Low, is very good. "Fishing Boats, Long Island Sound," by Arthur Quartley, is much better than his Academy picture. There is motion here to water, clouds, and sails, and the composition, although unsought for or perhaps rather on that account, is excellent. "An Indian Whittling Hammer Handles," by George H. Story, and a little "Darky," by Percy Moran, are good studies of their types. A "Sketch at St. Ande," by Frank E. Scott, is excellent. The red roofs are out of key in "The Grand Canal at Dordrecht," by Charles A. Platt. An "Adobe House," with sunflowers in the foreground, is a good sketch by Rosina Emmet. "Covering a Carboy," by France Troop, is a good study spoiled by the affectation of a basket-work frame. A number of respectable water-color drawings complete this interesting exhibition.

THE EXPOSITION NATIONALE AT PARIS.

SECOND NOTICE.

M. HEILBUTH, a Parisian in talent and habits although a Prussian by origin, reappears at this exhibition after a long absence from the annual Salons, due to political events, with two pictures—"Au Jardin" and "Une Fête." The latter represents a garden party in a lovely park, gay with flowers and feminine costume, a picture that has all the elegance of the painters of the fête galantes of the eighteenth century together with a verity in the landscape that those exquisite artists did not possess. Gabriel Ferrier and Guillaumet have sent some new Algerine scenes painted in full African sunlight and containing a very vigorous note. M. Dagnan-Bouveret, who gave such promise in his two pictures of the "Wedding Party at the Photographer's" and "The Wounded Child," exhibits a new picture, "Vaccination," a row of mothers and babies sitting in a sunny room while the village doctor is vaccinating a rosy little infant in the background. This picture is full of talent but insipid, even feeble in color, and certainly far inferior to the pictures this artist painted two years ago. Henry Harpignies exhibits seven landscapes, nearly all new. M. Harpignies, though often a little dry and hard in his technique, is yet a rare observer who sees a bit of nature purely and simply and reproduces it often with delicate grace and sentiment. Both in his oil paintings and his innumerable water-colors M. Harpignies generally remains within the limits of a "study," but his studies are of rare vigor and felicity of expression.

I notice specially the very remarkable exhibition of Léon Lhermitte whose large pictures, "The Harvest," "The Harvesters' Pay," and "The Spinning Woman," appear to great advantage and show a powerful and sincere sentiment without any of the trickery and false naturalism of Bastien-Lepage. M.

Lhermitte exhibits ten charcoal drawings, some of which are very fine works. His drawings have long been appreciated and sought for by long-sighted amateurs. One of these days we shall doubtless see M. Lhermitte in the place he deserves in public favor.

We now come to the room where Jupiter Meissonier reigns supreme with six pictures, two of minute proportions and four of more reasonable size. The portrait of Victor Lefranc (10 x 8 inches) is a masterpiece of minute painting comparable with even the famous "Hermit" of Gerard Douw. The portrait of Mrs. Mackay (16 x 11 inches) represents that lady in a black dress covered with gimp and bead embroidery; a black Spanish bolero hat; a brown fur-trimmed cloak thrown over one shoulder; dress décolleté square; left shoulder and arm visible; with her right hand, on which two big green emeralds attract undue attention, the model is drawing a yellow glove upon her left hand; background reddish brown. This portrait with all its minute touches is singularly wanting in distinction and grace, qualities which may perhaps be wanting in the model. "Le Guide" (armée de Rhin et Moselle 1797) represents a peasant guiding a troop of grenadiers through a birch wood. The troop is descending a slope; the leading horses are coming full face toward the spectator; the whole picture is a marvel of foreshortening and a marvel of drawing, but that is all. In "Le Chant" a stout lady in green is singing, while a gentleman in a voluminous red dressing gown is playing an organ in a room hung with red curtains and with a red carpet on the floor. M. Alma-Tadema has treated the same subject in a manner, in my opinion, superior to Meissonier. The most striking picture that Meissonier exhibits is an upright panel (4½ x 3 feet) representing the ruins of the Tuileries in 1871, a perspective view of the Salle du Maréchal consumed by the fire and through the empty window at the end the blue sky and the triumphal chariot on the top of the Arc de Triomphe of the Place du Carrousel. This picture has nothing in common with Meissonier's ordinary manner. In presence of the immense fame of Meissonier and of his aversion to exhibitions during late years the six pictures at the Exposition Nationale are naturally a subject of considerable interest to the public and the critics. The general impression seems to be that Meissonier does not come out of the trial with increased glory. In spite of his marvellous talent as a precise draughtsman, Meissonier remains as a painter very debatable, the more so whenever he abandons canvases of microscopical dimensions. Certainly the recent works of Meissonier no longer show that apparent facility of execution that he formerly had, a fact which was already remarked at the moment of the Universal Exhibition of 1878.

Joseph de Nittis, who has long ceased to exhibit in the promiscuity of the annual Salons, makes a brilliant rentrée with "La Place du Carrousel" recently purchased for the Luxembourg Museum; two delicious studies of open air and sunlight, "Le Vieux Jardin" and "La Charmille," and "Un Thé." This last picture is a marvel of science and color. In a rich Parisian salon, groups of ladies and gentlemen are chatting; in the background through an unsilvered glass is seen a second salon; in the foreground a lady seen from behind is sitting at a table laden with flowers and lighted by a lamp. The picture is the quintessence of Parisian elegance, ravishing in color, and all the complications and qualities of artificial light are rendered with that supreme art that conceals its means. "Un Thé" is the work of a master.

Two other artists whose names have grown unfamiliar to visitors to the Salon are Willems and James Tissot. M. Willems exhibits a picture of some gentlemen drinking the health of Henri IV. and clad in the silks and velvets and luxury of the civilization of centuries ago. M. Tissot exhibits four episodes from his transposition into modern English life of the parable of the prodigal son, pictures which if not pleasing are certainly the work of a remarkable and very personal artist. M. Vibert, whose talent as a wit and a vaudevillist often interferes with his talent as a painter, exhibits, besides his apotheosis of M. Thiers—a work which has had no success even in chromo-lithography—one new picture representing a missionary recounting this exploits to a company of cardinals. M. Vibert has really "trop d'esprit" to be a painter. In this rapid review of the new pictures exhibited I have necessarily sacrificed many honor-

able names whose works, shown at recent Salons, are to be seen again with satisfaction and pleasure at the Exposition Nationale. Henner, for instance, with his "Religieuse en Prière" (Salon of 1883), his "Bara" (Salon of 1882), "Andromède" and three portraits would come very near carrying off the medal of honor, if there were any medals. His exhibition is perhaps the finest in the Palais de l'Industrie. For Henner the subject counts for nothing but a pretext for painting and painting as only some of the old Italian masters have painted. The "Andromède," which we see here for the first time, is pronounced to be Henner's masterpiece. It is a page of divine beauty that will have its place some day in the Louvre. The veteran Cabanel too, who with Gérôme has formed more young French and foreign artists than any of his contemporaries, makes a fine show with his "Phèdre," with some too smoothly painted religious subjects and three delicious portraits of Mrs. Hungerford, Miss Mackay and the Comtesse Clermont-Tonnerre. Bonnat, Baudry, Puvis de Chavannes, Bouguereau, Gervex, Bertin, Courtois, Henry Lévy, Chaplin, Jules Lefebvre, Olivier Merson, Jean Paul Laurens, young men and veterans, landscapists, figure painters, genre painters, portrait painters, maintain brilliantly the supremacy of France in art. The two young glories, whom recent speculation has tried to advance prematurely, Bastien Lepage and Cazin, do not quite hold their own. Beside the work of Jules Dupré and Henner and even of Hebert and Cabanel, M. Cazin's heavy drawing, hesitating poses, landscape without perspective, intentionally ashen color and pretentious symbolism make but a poor show. M. Bastien-Lepage exhibits some portraits in which he appropriates the processes now of Holbein and now of Van der Werf and Mieris, and three landscapes—"Haymaking," "Potato-gathering," and "A Wheat Field"—works that are the subject still of much discussion. Some critics say that it is impossible to follow nature more closely. Others accuse the artist of painting pictures without air; they say that his candor and naïveté are affected, that his peasants have not the magnificent verity of Millet's peasants, that he feels no emotion in presence of his models and communicates none, that his naturalism is false and even "maquillé," that his tattered and ragged peasants' garments come out of the costume store of the Opéra-Comique, in short, that M. Bastien-Lepage is a humbug and a charlatan of prodigious technical skill.

I only find five Americans among the exhibitors at this National Exposition; they are D. R. Knight, F. M. Boggs, F. A. Bridgman, W. L. Dannat and Henry Mosler. D. R. Knight exhibits "Un Deuil" (Salon of 1882), a first-rate picture that holds its own brilliantly among all the works of similar style in the Salon. Mr. Boggs exhibits "La Place de la Bastille" (Salon of 1882), which now belongs to the State. This large picture (8 x 4½ feet) has gained in my estimation since I last saw it; the grays of the sky and buildings have toned down and the effect is at present finely harmonious. Mr. Bridgman exhibits only a small portrait of a baby, pretty in color, but a very unimportant work; Mr. Dannat re-exhibits his "Aragonese Smuggler" which was bought by the State at the Salon last May. Mr. Mosler continues his career of a decadent specialist with some vulgarly colored Breton interior scenes. Mr. Robert Hoskin exhibits in the engraving section thirteen wood-cuts for Harper's Magazine, excellent in their way. The fewness of the American exhibitors is to be attributed, I presume, to the fact that most of the works of the men resident in Europe have gone to America, and so it would be difficult to get them back again over here.

About the sculpture I have little space to say anything. Barrias, Mercié, Saint-Marceaux, Rodin, Frémiet, Falguière are there to maintain the glory of the French school, but on the whole the exhibition of sculpture is far inferior in interest to the exhibition of painting. Not only are new works almost entirely wanting, but the really most remarkable works of the past five years are conspicuous by their absence.

To sum up, my final impression is that the National Exhibition is very interesting, that it proves, once more, if proof were needed, the immense supremacy of France in art; but that if it had been organized less rapidly or with a character more distinctly retrospective it would have better fulfilled the programme which the State proposed to itself in instituting the exhibition.

THEODORE CHILD.